

# A Static Lullaby, Charred Fields Of Snow

This touch. Last touch. This touch. Won't break me.  
Now I. I see you. I'm sorry. I'm not sorry.  
a word too soft to be spoken.  
wrapped in barbed wire.  
and traveling amongst the charred, fields of snow.  
I have become.. wounded.  
for the souls lost in this display of self righteous ideals.  
break me for I'm the one who deserves this pain.  
the innocent will find.  
innocence will find its place in heaven.  
this pain will not stop.  
I now dispose of you.  
one by one their souls will take you over.  
the pain of thousands, your time has come.  
to think you have broken us down.  
you have not. the innocent are free now.  
and you're condemned.